

Observations and River Ghosts

Walking late at night on a main road
past all of the people
drunk
calling out for no reason
a kind of chemical comraderie -
a little farther out
past the inebriated howls
now only here and there in the distance -
now only the ever present, solitary footsteps
keeping time to insect symphonies -
occasionally a lone car passes through ear shot,
the hum of rubber on pavement -
an owl calls out across the river
solitary
vigilant -
the river constantly calls out
across the churning rapids
like the sirens' call
to forget the past -
through the trees of the mud-swept river
the opposite bank looks miles away -
the trees softly moan in the wind,
leaves are starting to turn and run
before the approaching cold
now all they can do is dance on air
then blanket the earth for another year
covering
quieting
persisting
through absolute loneliness -
two young lovers walk past
to get closer to the river
to feel the pulse and flow of life
through their bodies
to get to the source
a baptism of sorts
of water
mud
and flesh -



place a hand on this spot here
to feel the heated pulse of desire
but remove your shoes first
this is sacred soil
a place of memory
where all good and bad collide
in a mystical moment
now never to return
now only another detail
in the parade of the past
What ghosts are watching us now?
leave them
and listen to the owl's cry.

Frank Braun